

C. M. MEACHAM. W. A. WILGUS.  
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MEACHAM & WILGUS.

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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1880.

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G. H. & BUCKNER, Main Street, Hopki-  
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G. L. & DAVISON, Main St., next door to  
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G. W. Wiley, Main Street, opposite E. H.  
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E. W. HENDERSON Main Street, opposite  
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Main and Nashville Streets.

W. M. MILLS, Court Street, opposite Court  
House.

R. M. ANDERSON, South side of Russell-  
ville street.

P. VINEY & YOUNG, Nashville Street, near  
the depot.

W. D. GUYNN, South side Main, near Nash-  
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W. L. LANDER, Russellville St., in rear of  
City Hall.

L. E. DAVIS, Virginia St., between Central  
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S. H. HARRISON, corner Main and Spring  
Streets.

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DEALERS.

A. W. PYLE, up stairs, Henry Block,  
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G. L. THOMPSON, Bldg. Main Street,  
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S. G. GEORGE, G. W. Hall, Russellville, Ky.,  
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BANNERSTABLE, Bridge St., near Prince-  
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G. W. SMITH, North corner Louisville and  
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F. SCHWEITZER, cor. Nashville and Rail-  
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# THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

VOLUME II.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

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corner Virginia and Broad street.  
Jan 1 ly.]

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Office up stairs, Over "City Bank," corner  
of Main and Russellville streets. [Many

DENTISTS,

Open up stairs, Over "City Bank," corner  
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SPRING SESSION

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FOR MALES AND FEMALES.

This popular institution will open its twenty-  
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expenses of boarding, washing, lighting, fuel,  
and water, and the student will receive a  
good education, and be well prepared for  
any future career.

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Provider of all kinds for salaried retail  
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HOPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1880.

NUMBER 7

## THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

CHAS. M. MEACHAM EDITOR.

HOPKINSVILLE, FEB. 17, 1880.

Tom Green's counsel may be called Green-backers.

Seymour and Hendricks is a good enough ticket for us.

Mr. Feland has introduced a bill to regulate by law the rates of carrying coal by rail.

Polk Johnson's soliloquy: "White men there is eternal war between me and thee."

The Democratic National Convention will probably be held either at Cincinnati or Washington.

The Blaine men are hugging the elusive phantom of hope to their bosoms and waiting for Grant to decline.

Washburne (Rep.) of Minnesota whose seat was contested by Donnel (Dem.) is to be ousted, in the House.

E. Polk Johnson assistant clerk of the House and Jno. D. White of Clay came very near running together one day last week.

An exchange has an article on "How to keep cows from kicking." Wonder if some way can't next be devised to stop girls from kicking?

An Arkansan woman is lying with her fourteenth husband. She has 13 pegs in a row upon each of which she hangs a hat of a deceased husband.

The finger of destiny points to Grant and Sherman as the Republican standard bearers, unless Jimmy Blaine watches his corners closer in the future than he has past.

Next thing we know some of the boys will be announcing that their hearts are for Sale and sending marked copies of their papers to the editor of the Dixon Pioneer.

The Trigg County Democrat endorses our article on a primary election. No other plan can get the sense of the people. We would like to have some expression on the subject from all the papers in the district.

The Colonel on the Governor's staff spells his title the same way as the Colonel who won his title upon the bloody field of battle, as he charged up to the cannon's mouth over the dead bodies of his comrades.

A Republican member of the Ohio Legislature has introduced a bill legalizing the amalgamation of the negro and white races. Next thing we know that low down fellow will want the Legislature to compel some respectable negro damsel to marry him. Probably this is his *dernier ressort* for procuring a spouse.

Nashville is going to have a big time in April. She will celebrate her centennial, and is making extensive preparation. She is building an exposition building, and will have a collection of wonders, second only to that at Philadelphia in 1876. Of course everybody will go and see the sights.

We this week place the Dixon Pioneer upon our exchange list. It is a five column sheet devoted to the greenback cause. It is edited by a lady, Miss Ellen L. Sale, who begins by tackling the financial question which so few people know anything about. We trust the paper may live and prosper, but politically it is bound to fail if it intends to adhere to the ghost of the defunct greenback society.

The editor of the Pioneer found a lot of "small boys" in Dixon last week and advertised them free, requesting their parents to call for them. We are inclined to think one of them was Sam Harrison of Henderson as the last number of the *News* was minus the usual column of "Psalms." Did one of them have a wild far-away look about him, and talk all the time about "brown-eyed beauties" and fine tooth combs? If so send him to Henderson.

Princeton can boast of more pretty, sweet, intelligent and good girls than any other 640 acres this side of anywhere. She can also boast of more sad, sour ugly old bachelors than any other place in this latitude. —*Banner*.

Hopkinsville has more beautiful and lovely young ladies than all of Caldwell county put together, but if they continue to marry off like they have been doing for the last few months there will not be enough left to make the boys stand around the church doors.

The Senate has rejected all the Ohio census nomination. Senator Pendleton who reported adversely, stated that it was not on account of the persons nominated but because all of them were Republicans, while about half the people of the State, both Senators and eleven Congressmen were Democrats, and should have some of the places given to their party. It is understood that a like course will be pursued wherever a partisan spirit was shown in the appointments. The present census will be the basis for the apportionment of Representatives in Congress, and the State Legislatures for ten years, and in these corrupt times it will not do to trust the matter to one party, especially in a State as doubtful as Ohio.

The president will be compelled to revise his list and give the Democrats a finger in the census pie.

### Presidential Surmisings.

There is no longer any doubt in the minds of intelligent and informed people that Grant will be the nominee of the Republican party. Pennsylvania has already declared for him and New York will soon follow. With these the two largest States, with 64 votes to start with, the smaller ones will soon fall into line and nothing but divine interference can keep him from being the candidate of the stalwarts. With Grant as their standard bearer, the Republicans we think will present their weakest front to the enemy, and it the Democratic will display wisdom and patriotism in naming their candidates, all will be well. Let them take a lesson from their enemies and be united upon some good man. Seymour can lead us to victory. It is doubtful whether Tilden can. Let none of us be wedded to the claims of one man. It is better to sacrifice a man than the party. It is not the man we wish to triumph, but the party. What if we should elect a Democratic president, and he should die the next day. Would it affect the party victory any? Not in the least. Hendricks is a good man, but he is not the man for the first place, and if he is not Democrat enough to accept the second if given to him, he should not be given either. Thurman is a good man, one of the best and ablest in the party, but he is not available. Bayard has killed himself by his uncompromising position on the financial question. Hancock is from a Republican State and is therefore unavailable. This is about the best we are to select from, and the best, strongest and most available ticket is Seymour and Hendricks. Surely these will not decline when they have every prospect to lead the party to victory. Seymour is as strong as any man in New York with his party. He can unite the two factions and carry the State with a whoop over Grant, as he did in 1863. And we believe he is the only man that can do it. He led a valiant few into a hopeless contest twelve years ago and will not now lead the victorious hosts over the carcass of Republicanism? Hendricks is from the other doubtful State, and while there are other good men and strong men in Indiana, he is the best, from the fact that by nominating him, the idea of vindication, from the great fraud can be made one of the issues just as effectually as if Mr. Tilden himself were the candidate. Mr. Hendricks is a power in his State and would find this almost a certain means of promotion in '84. If he will make this sacrifice of his pride for the good of his party, he will not be forgotten in future preferments. If either of these statesmen refuse to lead their party in this great struggle of the country, then they are unworthy the name of Democrat, and should be branded as enemies to the principles that animated the heroic breasts of our forefathers. Let the places be offered them and they dare not decline in the great crisis, in which their country needs and demands their services. Let Democracy unite and let the battle cry be Seymour and Reform, Hendricks and Vindication, and God will give the victory to the right.

### The Feeble Minded Institute.

This Institution located at Frankfort, and having for its object the education and instruction of feeble minded children in a very flourishing condition. We are in receipt of the last report of the superintendent, Dr. J. Q. A. Stewart. The institute now has 131 inmates, many of whom have learned useful trades, in addition to their instruction from books. Let Democracy unite and let the battle cry be Seymour and Reform, Hendricks and Vindication, and God will give the victory to the right.

**The Iowa Legislature has adopted a bill submitting to the vote of the people a constitutional amendment making women eligible to seats in the Legislature. This proves very conclusively that all the fools are not dead yet.**

**The State Democratic committee has been called to meet at Frankfort March 4th, to fix the time and place for holding the State Convention to appoint delegates to the National Convention.**

**The Union Democrat has got its foot into it already, and is quarreling with the Dixon Pioneer. Poor fellow, he has yet to learn that a man can never get the last word with a schoolboy.**

**The latest addition to our exchange list is the Catlettsburg Democrat, edited by T. D. Marcus and James N. Banks. It is a shock full of good reading.**

**And there is still another report about Mr. Tilden. This time they say he is physically incapacitated and positively will not be a candidate.**

**Why is the Trigg Democrat like the final judgment? Because nobody knows the day upon which it will come.**

**What is the difference between a lady's dress and the most popular opera? One is pin-back and the other is Pin-afore.**

**The Clark Democrat thinks the race will be between Grant and Tilden and feels certain that the latter will come out first.**

**There will be something worse than a cow in Grant's path when he starts his engine for the White House.**

**Cunkling has decided not to be the next president and will use his influence (and umbrella, we suppose) for Grant.**

**Kissing is one of the few things that is not susceptible of improvement. Railways has been and always will be the same.**

### Impossible to Please All.

**An editor might as well try to go to Heaven in a hand-cart as to please everybody who reads his paper. If he gives only the plain facts of news, they call it dry as a bone; if he tries to be facetious somebody will complain that he has too much foolishness in his sheet; if he gives social items the people in the country will complain and ridicule the column; if he neglects them, the town people won't like the paper. Let him note the presence of two men in the city, one will feel flattered and subscribe for his paper, the other will get mad and stop it. If there is no news and he clips, they grumble, and if he draws on his imagination they say he tells lies. If he stays in his office and writes, they say he ought to go out and hunt news, if he goes out they say he ought to stay in and attend to his business. If he rejects a spring poem he makes the writer mad; if he publishes it, it makes his readers mad to fit up the paper with trash. Poor fellow, if he undertakes to please everybody he will have a hard time of it. The sooner he learns that it is an impossibility, and acts accordingly the better for him. Most people like a paper that takes a stand upon the rock of its honest convictions and fights out its principles to the bitter end. If a paper undertakes to haggle-fuddle around and talk taffy to all parties alike it soon loses its influence with all. At least this is our idea of the subject and we intend to act accordingly.**

**"When I did I want to die at Guthrie," we heard one drummer remark to another the other morning. "Why?" asked the other. "Because I can leave the world from Guthrie with less regret than from any other place upon earth." Then they both laughed and we resolved to tell Bro. Duffy.**

**The train upon which Grant was going to Vera Cruz on the 13th, while running upon an embankment ten feet high, collided with a bovine and was thrown from the track and the passengers delayed several hours. No one except the fireman was hurt and he but slightly. So we see from this that Grant is not "the man to butt the bull off of the bridge."**

**Last week we inadvertently omitted to give the Louisville Argus credit for the chapter of *Chronicles* on the outside of our paper. This part of our paper is generally made up of miscellaneous and promiscuous clippings, and of course we had no intention of trying to palm it off as our own.**

**The State Legislature has "retrenched" all the officers of the State and is now directing its attention to the President's salary, but whenever a member makes a motion concerning the per diem and mileage of the gentlemen themselves, they turn pale and lay it on the table.**

**Mr. John Smith has moved into the James' place out on the Bowling Green road, near Mr. James Shirley's—*Glasgow Times*.**

**Smith—Smith—John Smith—it seems to us we have heard the name before, but reckon we must be mistaken.**

**They set their own prices on drinks in Santa Fe. A man named Armstrong killed a man named Dunn on there last week because he insisted on charging 25 cents for two drinks, which Armstrong thought were worth only 10 cents each.**

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**Cunkling has decided not to be the next president and will use his influence (and umbrella, we suppose) for Grant.**

**Kissing is one of the few things that is not susceptible of improvement. Railways has been and always will be the same.**

**If you want a boy to appreciate his barrel, just let him lose it and then find it again.**

**Nashville had a \$75,000 storm Thursday night.**

**This year the Presidential election occurs on the 2d of November.**

**Senator Lamar has gone to Washington, but still has to use a crutch.**

**The press of the State has almost uniting to speak against reducing the salary of the judiciary.**

**What's the matter Bro. Young? Have you too been taken in by a trap?**

**GENERAL NEWS.**

**An earthquake shock was felt at Ottawa, on the 9th.**

**Negroes from North Carolina are still pouring into Indiana.**

**Grant is 58 years old; Sherman, 57; Blaine, 50, and Garfield, 49.**

**A child was killed by a snow-ball in Nashville the other day.**

**41,000 persons died of yellow fever in the U. S. in 1878.**

**100,000 persons were swept away by cholera in Japan last year.**

**Grant sailed from Havana to Vera Cruz last Friday.**

**An eruption of Mt. Vesuvius began Saturday.**

**A negro froze to death in the Hawkinville (Ga.) jail last week.**

**A. E. Borie, ex-secretary of the Navy, died in Philadelphia, 5th inst.**

**Two emigrant agents were arrested in Madison, Ga., last week, and each fined \$150 and costs.**

**The number of marriages among the blacks at Montgomery, Ala., doubles those of the white people.**

**The capital Stock of the Union Express Company is to be increased to \$200,000.**

**A blacksmith suicided at St. Philip Ind., Sunday by blowing out his brains with a shotgun.**

**Over half a million bushels of grain were received in one day last week at New Orleans.**

**Tennessee has 5,612 Public Schools, and 1,287 private ones. 186,192 pupils attend the former and 35,000 the latter.**

**The theatres of Philadelphia will give a special performance, the proceeds to go to the famine sufferers of Ireland.**

**A pig in the Virginia penitentiary plays cards, having been taught by a man who was locked up for playing three card monte.**

**The Bowling Green Guards are going to drill at the Nashville exposition.**

**The time allowed under the game for killing small game expired Feb. 1st.**

**Tom Green listens to the Hargis testimony with a dentaphone.**

**The Democrat says May field's great need is tree graded schools.**

**D. H. M. Bullett a prominent citizen of Louisville died last week.**

**A Hartford hen laid four eggs last Sunday according to the Herald.**

**J. H. Rhorer, the defaulting cashier of Louisville has been indicted.**

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**We are authorized to announce CAPT. GEORGE W. DUVALL, of Caldwell county, as a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney. Subject to the action of the Democratic party. Election August, 1880.**

**We are authorized to announce SAM'L O. GRAVES, of Christian county, as a candidate for Circuit Judge of the 2nd Judicial district, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Election August, 1880.**

**We are authorized to announce C. G. DUVALL as a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Christian county, subject to the action of the Democratic party. Election August, 1880.**

**We are authorized to announce PETER F. ROGERS as a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Christian county, subject to the action of the Republican party. Election August, 1880.**

**We are authorized to announce Capt. T. B. Underwood as a candidate for Circuit Clerk of Christian county, subject to the action of the Republican party. Election August, 1880.**

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# THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

HOPKINSVILLE, FEB. 17, 1880.

## SOCIALITIES.

Mr. J. J. Bumpus was in the city last week.

Mr. Rob't Knight came down from Henderson to visit his father's family last week.

Col. Jno. T. Edmunds returned last Wednesday, after a short absence from the city.

Mr. Hunter Wood came home from Cadiz Sunday where he has been attending circuit court.

Rev. Jno. W. Lewis, of Louisville came down to see his Hopkinsville friends the first of the week.

Miss Emma Wooldridge of Stockton, Mo., spent last week in the city, a guest of Mrs. Polk. Coker.

Mrs. Jno. M. Cox, of Belview is visiting Mrs. Margaret Roach and will remain several days.

Mrs. Jno. H. Milliken, of Franklin, is spending a week or two with her mother, Mrs. B. T. Underwood.

Mrs. Mattie Hickman left Wednesdays to pay a week's visit to her sister, Mrs. Dr. Bass, of Elkhorn.

Tig McQuigle, of Geo. Lucy went to St. Louis last week on a pleasure trip and have not yet returned.

Miss Joe. Flack, of Trenton, returned home the middle of the week after a short visit to the family of her brother.

Our young friend Tom Rodman came over from Evansville last Wednesday to visit his Hopkinsville friends.

Mr. Clarence E. Kennedy left last Wednesday for Evansville and will probably remain if he can get into business there.

Mr. Wm. Lacy, of Kirkmanville, was in the city several days last week, the guest of his son-in-law, Mr. M. W. Grissam at the Phoenix.

Mrs. Gano Henry and her winsome daughter, Miss Mamie, have moved from Louisville and will make their home in the future. They will be quite an acquisition to Hopkinsville society.

## Tribute of Respect.

At a meeting of Hopkinsville Lodge No. 37 A. F. & M. held on the 8th day of February 1880, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:

WHEREAS our Grand Master above has seen fit to call our deceased Brother, Wm. Mills from the toils of earth to that rest which awaits the just, it therefore.

*Resolved*, That we recognize in our late brother the many manly and virtuous qualities which combine to make a generous, good, and faithful friend, a courageous and humble citizen, and a true and trusty Mason.

*Resolved*, That, in the recognition of his many virtues, we deeply deplore the loss which we as a lodge, and the community at large have sustained.

*Resolved*, That we will imitate as far as possible his laudable zeal for the teachings of our society.

*Resolved*, That the city papers be requested to publish these resolutions and a copy be sent the relatives of the dead.

*Resolved*, That we wear the usual man-on-the-badge of mourning for thirty days.

Sam O. Graves, W. M.

James O. Ellis, Secty.

## DEATHS.

Mr. L. B. Morris an old and well known citizen died at his residence near the city, yesterday morning. He was a clever gentleman and a good citizen and leaves many friends to regret his demise.

Mr. Edward Buckner formerly of this county, died at Walnut Grove, Sacramento county, Cal. Jan. 25th in the 28th year of his age. He was a young gentleman of many estimable qualities, and he leaves many friends and relatives in this country who will learn with deep regret of his untimely death.

## Infanticide.

A box containing a dead child was found buried in an old lot among some cedars, on Russellville street Sunday evening by some boys. They reported the affair, and it was looked into by the authorities. The box was a small one and was barely covered with earth. The child was found to be a white male, and its skull was crushed, and it bore other marks of violence. It had evidently been there several days. An inquest was held Monday morning, but nothing was elicited to solve the mystery.

## Advertised Letters.

Which, if not called for in thirty days, will be sent to Washington, D. C.

Allen, G. W. Bell, W. J.  
Barker, Liza. Brown, Moses  
Boyd, Ada. Boyd, Robt.  
Boyd, E. C. Boyd, M. E.  
Boman, Tom Clark, T. J.  
Cowen, Robt. Dulin, Mary Bell  
Duncan, Blanche Forth, J. P.  
Given, Mrs. James Graves, Thos.  
Gardner, Torridia Gray, James  
Hall, Ida. Hill, Wm.  
Holins, Alice Johnson, Mag.  
Mecham, Dora McRoy, Thos.  
Moore, Maggie 2. Nelson, David  
Powell, J. T. Parish, Eugene  
Ray, W. H. Smith, Ida  
Sweeney, Mat J. Smith, Sarah  
Tinsley, Patti Willkins, Anna  
West, Mrs. S. A.

When called for please say "advertis'd." S. H. Burbridge, P. M.  
Hopkinsville, Ky., Feb. 14, 1880.

A California boy stood an umbrella in a public doorway during a religious meeting. To this umbrella was attached a strong cord, an end of which the boy held in his hand. Eleven different people are said to have carried the umbrella any odds, we would't ask railroads any odds.

## HERE AND THERE.

Water was king last Friday.

Come out to the Debating society next Friday night.

Judge Landes is administrator of Mr. Wm. Mills' estate.

An item, an item a kingdom for a good sensational item.

A new house is being put up on the railroad near the old show ground.

A large proportion of the beaux of the city are small boys, "tryin' size" as it were.

Attention is called to the new advertisements of Messrs. D. R. Beard, A. M. Henry.

The frame of Mr. Webb's new house on Main street next to Mr. Henry Gant's is up.

"Twenty dollars to find out who sent it" is what a good many of the boys say who received insulting comic valentines.

Some one is erecting a new cottage opposite Mr. Hopper's near the one recently put up by W. A. Goodwin.

A chicken fight on the street was one of the interesting items to the small boys last week.

The officers on the passenger trains of the St. L. & S. E. road have recently donned new and handsome uniforms.

Excavations have been made for the erection of a new dwelling on Russellville street next to George Bradley's.

Mosra. Moore & Edmund's stable is near the river and when they went to it Friday morning they found their horses belly deep in water.

There is a big hole over the sewer on Nashville street near Ferguson's saloon that should be covered. The late freshet washed the planks away.

W. T. Hurt, Esq., did not leave for Bowling Green as was reported some weeks ago. We suppose she said "yes" and he concluded to "inger near" us! We bid you success, William, but its Leap Year remember.

Reader were you ever called upon to talk when you had nothing to talk about? Then you can appreciate the situation when a paper is full up and no news afloat.

A valentine party was given at the College at 4 o'clock Saturday evening, for the amusement of Prof. Rust's pupils. The Prof. kindly extend an invitation to us to attend.

Solomon was a wise man, and built his house upon a foundation of rock, and when the flood came and the waters encompassed it, to it fell not but remained there even until the waters subsided.

We notice a correspondent at Longview, Garrettsburg, Belview, Roaring Springs and Trenton. A correspondent who will send us a newsworthy letter at least once a month from these places, will be furnished with the South KENTUCKIAN gratis.

Mr. Phil Reid who is well known to many of our people was married to a young lady in Gallatin, Tenn., not long ago. He is a step son of Jas. E. Jepp, and went from this county to Gallatin, last fall. May his cup of happiness be always full to the brim.

We notice a new departure of the railroad authorities is to have the weather prognostications telegraphed from Washington every morning and hung up at the reception room at the depot. It has been observed that seldom, if ever, has the weather been otherwise than as predicted.

We wish to say that it is not necessary "to kill the editor and burn the office" in order to stop the South KENTUCKIAN. Of course we dislike to lose a subscriber, but every man is supposed to know his own business best, and if he don't want our paper we don't compel him to it.

Our jolly good friend Jno. Cooper is "right side up with care" again and improving in health every day. He had a long and troublesome siege of five months and we are very glad to see him up again. The Knights of Honor and Knights of Pythias Lodges, to which he belongs each paid him five dollars a week during his sickness. The caring for sick members is one of the principal objects of these worthy benevolent societies.

Mr. Frank T. Gorman an experienced merchant tailor of New York, and recently of Louisville, has made arrangements to open a first class establishment in this city, at Lord's new building. He will open by next Monday and will conduct the business on a good scale. He will keep a full stock of the best material and will make clothing as cheap, as it can be obtained in the cities. He will be assisted by Mr. Thompson formerly of Elkhorn. Our people should patronize home industries especially when they can save money by so doing. Mr. Gorman comes highly recommended and we bespeak for him a good business. Read his advertisement.

The river got about as high Friday as some of the boys did Christmas. In fact it fairly boomed, and backed up Nashville street nearly to the Phoenix Hotel. One of the street lamps near Dr. Gish's was surrounded and burned nearly all day. Mr. Louis Solomon, whose house is opposite the residence of Dr. Gish, woke and found himself completely at sea, with the water up to the floor of his house. The boys—wicked fellows—congregated on the banks and sang "Home sweet home" to him. One enterprising darkey launched a skipper across the turbulent waters and the novelty of the thing made it quite a lucrative undertaking for him. The freshet thoroughly cleansed the streets, which were needing it badly. The cellars are all full of water, but no damage of consequence was done. If we had such a river all the time we would't ask railroads any odds, a

mixed up dance, dances like a pumpkin rolls down hill, dances like a boy when he stumps his toe, dances like a girl in a yellow jacket's nest at picnics, dances, well to sum it all up, he dances jigs, can-can, quadrilles, hoedowns and waltzes, all before touches the floor. But enough for Van. Rumor has it that he is soon to dance to different music, that the winter has left his heart, the perpetual summer has entered there, that a sunny face with its bright blue eyes and wreath of hair, "yellow in the sunshines and brown in the shade," comes tender as the dews fall before him, whispering in love's fond language, "I am thine."

One room of Mr. Deavenport's mansion was devoted to the game of Euclid. We tried our hand at this game, and were playing against our old friend, Lige; now everybody knows Lige, a better hearted, and dispossessed young man does not live than he. We do not mean to say that he was intoxicated, but we are of the opinion that he had seen the shadow of death, denoted John, and it haunted him until he was not exactly what he generally is. Our partner dealt the cards and turned up the Jack of clubs. What do you do, Lige, say we? "Work on the farm, what you reckon you do, do you take me for a tramp?" roared Lige. We told him it was not his occupation we referred to, but said we, what are you going to do with your hand? "Play it, do you suppose I am going to set here all night like a knot of a log and hold it?" said he. After we had gotten over our laugh we said, Lige, do you pass? "Pass where?" said he. We laughed again and again, and said, Lige perhaps you can order him up. "Yes I can" says he and he turned his eyes upon our trump, (the Jack of clubs,) and finally roared "get up from there you wall-eyed, short-breasted old clock face rise I say" Of course the trump never moved, and we suggested to him that perhaps my partner would take it up. At this Lige jumped up, clawed the air and shouted in thunder tones that he could whip any man who fell like taking it up. We saw he didn't know anything about Euclid, and we changed the game to seven up. My partner dealt and we remarked, Lige this is seven up, do you beg? "Beg, no, I work for what I get," said he. Do you stand, said we? "No, I sit," said he. Sit, thunder, said we; we want to know do you stand? "Stand, no, I would lay down if I had a pillow." Here we quit him. That boy will never make a card player, in fact we give it as our opinion that he will yet make an able minister of the gospel.

About ten o'clock Mr. Carr, L. accompanied and assisted by Miss Anna Y. passed around some refreshments in the shape of pie and things, and takes that made many a hungry lad and lassie cry, out in the language of one of old, "It is good to be here." We asked Miss A. if she wanted to take a contract to furnish such eatings for life. She smiled and blushed and said and asked: who to furnish the sugar? Mr. D. had cooked a nice turkey which she intended to analyze and pass around, but owing to some mishap that fowl disappeared before pass around time. We presumed she saw that the crowd was too large for it, that there were more eating odds than it could possibly fill, and consolous of its insufficiency took wings and flew away. And we are making this too long and inst. close. The party is over, and we had a tall old time. Mr. Deavenport has endeared himself to all the young people, that in a score of homes happy, thrice happy, seated before the great fire contented, and happy fond mothers and fathers will tell the prattling loved ones at their knees the story of how they met and loved each other at Mr. D.'s party, and from one God bless for ever Geo. Deavenport and wife.

HIRAM.

REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

Forty years ago to-night George Deavenport made his debut upon the theater of life. Forty years! What a time! How many fond hopes and bright anticipations scattered; how many ambitions realized and lost; how many scenes of sorrow, of joy, of sunshine and of shadow; how many long, long, dreary hours of suffering; how many joyful, hilarious moments of pleasure; how much of all these have failed to hit us, we know not; but we presume his life's river has run on in the regular channel now striking a boulder than a pebble. To-day he is the attorney of his blood and in order to celebrate it, he gave the young people of his vicinity a party, and it was a party right, a grand one, a glorious one, the recollections of which will come rushing up over before us as we move on down the roadway of life. Did you ever notice that there are epochs in all our lives that we love to cherish in our memories; oases in the desert sands, silver threads among the gold, sunny ripples beyond the clouds? Who among us does not fondly cherish away down in his or her heart, the gentle pressure of a loved one's hand or some other trifling circumstance he would not forget for all the glittering baubles or fleeting honors a feeble world can boast? We are just discussing; just how to do this party justice on paper has a hard task. To be properly appreciated it must be seen enjoyed and felt. No thoughts that breathe or words that burn can, on paper, tell of the joyous dance; the scintillations of wit, the sparkle of eyes lit up by young love's first light, or of the thousand little incidents that came and went that night. Some of the boys say they hope Mr. Deavenport will so arrange his almanac that his birthday will come about every six weeks, and that he will celebrate each and every one of them just as he did this one, and when the grim forebodings shout, all aboard for the dark river, when, as Mr. Talmaige would say, the laughter flees to his lips, and the woe fails from his cheeks, that he will, the Irishman's baby "die a horning."

There were about twenty young ladies present; the very cream of the country, the lights in the social circle, the belles of the county. We will not say who was the prettiest, but will say that there were some as sweet faced girls there as we ever gazed upon. A stranger were to look at us a few days ago. Some one shot a pigeon belonging to the negro and he accused young Harrel of doing it, and gave the boy a thrashing. The boy was innocent. The negro was arrested last Monday, and fined \$100 and costs.

TRIAD DEMOCRAT: Our ancient friend, York Shoemaker, prefers forfeiting the jailorship rather than enforce the whipping post act, in case it becomes a law. He was to pin a breakfast-shawl around a gate post or three lighting rods. George would come bowing and scraping like a tramp when he wants a cold dinner, and whisper, "how are you enjoying yourself, Miss?" Ben Y. gave us an exhibition of his dancing. He cut what he called the pigeon-wing. It was the biggest pigeon-wing we ever heard of. Why was he so much tenderly whispered "res it do" echoed back from ready lips.

WE GIVE IT AS OUR OPINION that God. L. did more old fashioned, hard, sit up and hug all night pouring than force the whipping post act, in case it becomes a law.

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ELEXON REGISTER: One of the best indications of good times is the increased price of lands in our county. Land is selling for more now than for several years.

ELEXON REGISTER: A tramp stopped at Hadenville last Friday and informed too freely of aqua mortis et damnationis. He left home in the evening where we sat, and nursed our rheumatism until Ben was stretched out like a flying squirrel. That may have been a pigeon wing but we think it was an eagle wing ten feet from tip to tip. Inspired and excited by the sparkle of bright eyes and delicate strains of mellow music, Van D., accompanied by a fair-haired Partner, took his stand upon the floor, and when the soft strains floated through the air, Van was the very poetry of motion. We knew he was a good farmer, an intelligent, high-toned gentleman, but we never knew he was a dancer before. He dances a round dance, a square dance, a three-cornered dance, a strong dance, a crooked dance, a bent over dance, a

GO TO

J. S. Chastain's for best Coal, Aurora and other oils, Lamps and Fixtures.

ROACH & LATHAM.

We have removed to our new store room on west Main street and will continue to keep a choice and select stock of dry goods notions, etc., to which we invite the attention of the public.

ROACH & LATHAM.

THE TWIN BED SPRINGS, are the "biggest" things out. They are perfectly noiseless and can be put upon any bed in five minutes. They are going like hot cakes, buy early.

The South Kentuckian recommends them.

LAYCOCK & McCANN,

OPUM

GUNNS

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## THE SOUTH KENTUCKIAN.

OFFICE: Bridge St., bet. Main and River

HOPKINSVILLE KY.

"Our Girls."

Anna Dickinson, Grace Greenwood, and others of that class, have given so much of their time to discussing the important matter of female education, that it would seem as if, were the girls trained at home in about the following manner, the wise heads would have something else to talk and write about:

Teach them thoroughly the following important things:

Self-reliance and independence.

How to make bread and cook well.

How to make shirts.

Not to wear hair.

Not to powder or paint.

Not to run up store bills.

To wear thick, warm shoes.

To wash and iron clothes.

To make their own dresses.

That a dollar is only a hundred cents.

To darn stockings and sew on buttons.

To say no, and mean it—or yes, and stick to it.

To wear calico dresses and not feel ashamed of them.

That a good, rosy rump is worth fifty consumptives.

To regard the morals and not the money of their beau.

To have nothing to do with immature and dissolute young men.

To keep a house in neat order, with everything in its place.

That the more one lives within one's income the more one will save.

That the farther one gets beyond one's income the nearer one gets to the poor house.

That a good steady mechanic without a cent is worth a dozen loafers in thy broadcloth.

Accomplishments, such as music, painting and drawing—if you have the taste, and you have time and money.

That God made them in his own image, and no amount of tight lacing will improve their appearance.

Teach them every day some item of dry, hard, practical common sense, and they will yet find time for their idealism.

Give them, of course, a good, substantial common-school education, but don't neglect home training.

Worldly Rumor.

New York World.

Well now I will tell you just how it happened. I live in Cleveland and was on my way to Albany to visit friends. After we left Buffalo I found that in some way I lost my portefeuille with all my money, and what to do I didn't know. I had my ticket in another pocket, and that helped matters some. When we left Buffalo two gentlemen in the section just behind me commenced playing cards. It was poker. I became quite interested in the game, for you see I often play it with my brothers for corn, and they say I play it pretty well. Pretty soon I made some remark about the game, and they then asked me if I wouldn't like to "set in." Just for the fun of the thing I said yes, and I never had such luck.

I guess that let me win the first two or three times because I was a lady, but after that they played for what they were worth, and so did I. And you never saw the equal of the cards I held. They called me once, and all I had was two aces and three nines.

"Is that a good?"

"Well, I should say so. It was good for \$8 that time."

How much did you win in all?"

"Oh, somewhere between \$40 and \$50. I haven't counted it yet."

"Your brother taught you how to play?"

"Yes, that's what I said."

"And you lost all your money?"

"Young man, I was told, irreverently, 'did you hear of that awful death in Buffalo to-day?'

"No! Great Scott! What was it?"

"A woman was talked to death by a reporter."

"Wh!"

The Local Press of Kentucky.

Since the beginning of the current year quite a number of Kentucky newspapers have been enlarged and otherwise improved in appearance by new type and power presses. The local newspapers of Kentucky will now compare favorably with those of any State west of the Alleghenies, not only in the handsome appearance they present, but in the ability with which they are conducted. This improvement in the press of Kentucky is, as we take it, responsive to the general improvement in business, and especially the fair prices products have commanded during the six months just passed.

The people of any locality promote their own interests by encouraging the local newspaper. There are two ways in which this may be done: By taking the paper and paying for it; and by using it as an advertising medium. If a man has anything to sell that anybody else wants him to advertise it in his local paper. If anybody wants to buy a thing that anybody else wants to sell, let him use the columns of his county paper to make his wants known. There is no cheaper or quicker way of accomplishing the object. We venture to add that the publisher will expend three-fourths of the money he receives in making further improvements in his paper.

A handsomely printed and well conducted newspaper is a credit to the county in which it is printed. It serves to bring its advantages, its business and its public men into notice, and in many ways adds to the influence, prosperity and happiness of its people.—*Covington Commonwealth*

Governor Colquitt's Father.

Walter T. Colquitt, the father of Gov. Colquitt, of Georgia, and James Rockmore were famous preachers in that State in former days, and this story is told of an encounter which they once had: Mr. Colquitt, while on the way to church one Sunday, stopped at a peach orchard by permission of the owner and ate some of the fruit. Mr. Rockmore, riding by on his way to meet him called out: "Never mind, Colquitt, I'll bear witness in Heaven against you for stealing those peaches." "Hold on," said Colquitt, drawing his blank-book and pencil from his side pocket, "let me take your interrogatories; you won't be there."

## A Weather Talker who got Left

[Detroit Free Press.]

There is one Detroiter who will never refer to the state of the weather again as long as he lives. The condition of the weather has been a hobby of his for years, and he has fairly revelled in the rains and fog which have been ours since the New Year. On getting an acquaintance he has invariably said:

"Ever see such a whale before? This country, this. Who'd have looked for spring in January? Have you any idea it will change? This mud is killing business, but we can't help it. Every know of such a succession of fogs?"

Yesterday he was coming up town by the Fort street line. His umbrella fell from his hand as he entered the car. A stranger picked it up, moved along, and the citizen sat down beside him and said:

"Thank you. Terrible weather, isn't it? Ever seen such weather before? We'll all be sick unless there's a change. Can you account for this mild weather at this season?"

"I'd like to speak a few words to you in private," replied the stranger in a guarded voice. "Please get off the car with me."

The two got off together, the citizen greatly puzzled, and when they reached the walk the stranger continued:

"You remarked that this was terrible weather. I quite agree with you. You seem to be a well-educated and observing man, and I am glad to have met you. I hadn't taken any notice of all the weather until you spoke, but I quite agree with you—quite."

The citizen cleared his throat but did not reply, and presently the stranger went on:

"You asked me if I had ever seen such weather before. I am satisfied that I have at some time in my life, but I cannot just now recall the date. Let's see; let's see? Was it in 1857?"

"No! Let's see? Well, I cannot recall it just now, but on reaching home I will look up my old diaries. If I can do anything to oblige you I shall only be too glad."

They walked a block in silence, the citizen amazed and astounded, and then the stranger suddenly said:

"You said we would all be sick unless there was a change. That remark shows your interest in your fellow-men. You, sir, shall be ill, and many of us may never recover. I hope you are prepared to die."

The citizen now began to get mad, and after hooting it for another long block growled:

"What did you want to say to me in private?"

"You asked me," replied the stranger, as he gestured with his clenched hand, "if I could account for the mild weather at this season of the year. Yes, sir, I can, but I didn't want to give it away to all in the car. My remarks regarding this winter will be explained in just two hours, and I'll go to your office and do it."

"But I will! When I set out to oblige a man, I'm willing to spend four hours if necessary."

The citizen crossed the street, hoping to shake the man off, but also crossed and went on:

"Having been appealed to by you to explain the cause of this mild—"

"See here!" said the other as he stepped into a tender grief, a melancholy that hung about his person for many days. However, by strking to his thoughts employed on other subjects, he was half-begun to gain some of his old time cheerfulness, when your son reminded him so painfully of his grand-mother's coffin—"A sharp end to that, you degraded old ruffian!" put a sharp end to the feet story.

"The sweetest voice I ever heard," said the bishop, "was a woman's. It was soft and low, but penetrating, musical and measured in its accents, but not precise. We were on a steamer, and she murmured some commonplace words about the scenery. I do not remember what she said, but I can never forget the exquisitely tender musical voice." The sweetest voice I ever heard," said the Professor, "was a man's. I had been out fishing nearly all day, and got back to the hotel about 3 o'clock. The man came in and said, 'Din-Nur!' till it soured the milk in the cellar. I have heard other voices since, then, but I never—"

The citizen turned pale, looked around, and then made a rush into the nearest house. The stranger waited around awhile and then started off with the remark:

"Never you mind, sir! I'll hunt this whole city over, but I'll find your office. No man can get all work up on a mild spell of weather and then snub me like a heathen!"

Amazing Grace.

"I am a liar—you did!"

"What?"

"Don't bristle up to me with any of your what's!" warned the stranger, "I'll knock your nose off! I never allow anybody to trifl with me. We'll either go to your office and devote two hours to explanation of my theory, or I'll tick you for asking me useless questions and taking up my valuable time!"

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"What?"

"Don't bristle up to me with any of your what's!" warned the stranger, "I'll knock your nose off! I never allow anybody to trifl with me. We'll either go to your office and devote two hours to explanation of my theory, or I'll tick you for asking me useless questions and taking up my valuable time!"

The citizen turned pale, looked around, and then made a rush into the nearest house. The stranger waited around awhile and then started off with the remark:</p